

She shall be habited, as it becomes  
The partner of your Bed. Me thinks I see  
Leontes opening his free Armes, and weeping  
His Welcomes forth: asks thee there Sonne forgiuenesse,  
As 'twere i'th' Fathers person: kisses the hands  
Of your fresh Princeesse; ore and ore diuides him,  
'T wixt his vnkindnesse, and his Kindnesse: th' one  
He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow  
Faster then Thought, or Time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,  
What colour for my Visitation, shall I  
Hold vp before him?

Cam. Sent by the King your Father  
To greet him, and to giue him comforts. Sir,  
The manner of your bearing towards him, with  
What you (as from your Father) shall deliuer,  
Things knowne betwixt vs three, Ile write you downe,  
The which shall point you forth at every sitting  
What you must say: that he shall not perceiue,  
But that you haue your Fathers Bosome there,  
And speake his very Heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:  
There is some sappe in this.

Cam. A Course more promising,  
Then a wild dedication of your selues  
To vnpath'd Waters, vndream'd Shores; most certaine,  
To Miseries enough: no hope to helpe you,  
But as you shake off one, to take another:  
Nothing so certaine, as your Anchors, who  
Doe their best office, if they can but stay you,  
Where you'll be loth to be: besides you know,  
Prosperitie's the very bond of Loue,  
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,  
Affliction alters.

Perd. One of these is true:  
I thinke Affliction may subdue the Cheeke,  
But not take in the Mind.

Cam. Yea? say you so?  
There shall not, at your Fathers House, these seuen yeeres  
Be borne another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,  
She's as forward, of her Breeding, as  
She is i'th' reare 'our Birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pittie  
She lacks Instructions, for she seemes a Mistresse  
To most that teach.

Perd. Your pardon Sir, for this,  
Ile blush you Thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita,  
But O, the Thornes we stand vpon: (Camillo)  
Preferuer of my Father, now of me,  
The Medicine of our House: how shall we doe?  
We are not furnish'd like *Bohemio's* Sonne,  
Nor shall appeare in *Sicilia*.

Cam. My Lord,  
Feare none of this: I thinke you know my fortunes  
Doe all lye there: it shall be so my care,  
To haue you royally appointed, as if  
The Scene you play, were mine. For instance Sir,  
That you may know you shall not want: one word.

Enter Autolycus.

Aut. Ha, ha, what a Foole Honesty is? and Trust (his  
sworne brother) a very simple Gentleman. I haue sold  
all my Tromperie: not a counterfeit Stone, not a Ribbon,  
Glasse, Pomander, Browch, Table-booke, Ballad, Knife,  
Tape, Gloue, Shooe-tye, Bracelet, Horne-Ring, to keepe

my Pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first,  
as if my Trinkets had bene hallowed, and brought a be-  
nediction to the buyer: by which meanes, I saw whole  
Purse was best in Picture; and what I saw, to my good  
vse, I remembred. My Clowne (who wants but some-  
thing to be a reasonable man) grew so in loue with the  
Wench's Song, that hee would not stirre his Petty-toe,  
till he had both Tune and Words, which so drew the rest  
of the Heard to me, that all their other Sences sticke in  
Eares: you might haue pinch'd a Placket, it was sense-  
lesse; 'twas nothing to giue a Cod-peece of a Purse: I  
would haue fill'd Keyes of that hung in Chaynes: no  
hearing, no feeling, but my Sirs Song, and admiring the  
Nothing of it. So that in this time of Lechargie, I pick'd  
and cut most of their Festiuall Purfes: And had not the  
old-man come in with a Whoobub against his Daugh-  
ter, and the Kings Sonne, and fear'd my Chowghes from  
the Chaffe, I had not left a Purse aliue in the whole  
Army.

Cam. Nay, but my Letters by this meanes being there  
So soone as you arriue, shall cleare that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from King Leontes:  
Cam. Shall satisfie your Father.

Perd. Happy be you:  
All that you speake, shewes faire.

Cam. Who haue we here?  
Wee'll make an Instrument of this: omit  
Nothing may giue vs aide.

Aut. If they haue ouer-heard me now: why hanging,  
Cam. How now (good Fellow)

Why shak'st thou so? Feare not (man)  
Here's no harme intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poore Fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be so still: here's no body will steale that  
from thee: yet for the out-side of thy poutie, we must  
make an exchange; therefore dis-case thee instantly (thou  
must thinke there's a necessitie in't) and change Garmentes  
with this Gentleman: Though the penny-worth (on his  
side) be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poore Fellow, Sir: (I know ye well  
enough.)

Cam. Nay prethee dispatch: the Gentleman is halfe  
fled already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, Sir? (I smell the trick on't.)

Flo. Dispatch, I prethee.

Aut. Indeed I haue had Earnest, but I cannot with  
conscience take it.

Cam. Vnbuckle, vnbuckle.  
Fortunate Mistresse (let my prophetic  
Come home to ye:) you must retire your selfe  
Into some Couert; take your sweet-hearts Hat  
And pluck it ore your Browes, muffle your face,  
Dis-mantle you, and (as you can) disliken  
The truth of your owne seeming, that you may  
(For I doe feare eyes ouer) to Ship-boord  
Get vnderfery'd.

Perd. I see the Play so lyes,  
That I must beare a part.

Cam. No remedie:  
Haue you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my Father,  
He would not call me Sonne.

Cam. Nay, you shall haue no Hat:  
Come Lady, come: Farewell (my friend.)

Aut. Adieu, Sir.

Flo. O Perdita: what haue we twaine forgot?

Pray you a word.

Cam. What I doe next, shall be to tell the King  
Of this escape, and whither they are bound;

Wherein, my hope is, I shall so preuaile,  
To force him after: in whose company  
I shall re-view *Sicilia*; for whose sight,  
I haue a Womans Longing.

Flo. Fortune speed vs:  
Thus we let on (Camillo) to th' Sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

Aut. I vnderstand the businesse, I heare it: to haue an  
open eare, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for  
a Cut-purse; a good Nose is requisite also, to smell out  
worke for th' other Sences. I see this is the time that the  
vniust man doth thrise. What an exchange had this been,  
without boot? What a boot is here, with this exchange?

Sure the Gods doe this yeere conuie at vs, and we may  
doe any thing extempore. The Prince himselfe is about  
his Clog at his heeles: if I thought it were a peece of ho-  
nestie to acquaint the King withall, I would not do't: I  
hold it the more knauerie to conceale it; and therein am  
I constant to my Profession.

Enter Clowne and Shepheard.

Aside, aside, here is more matter for a hot braine: Euery  
Lanes end, euery Shop, Church, Session, Hanging, yeelds  
a carefull man worke.

Clowne. See, see: what a man you are now? there is no  
other way, but to tell the King she's a Changeling, and  
none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but heare me.

Clow. Nay; but heare me.

Shep. Goe too then.

Clow. She being none of your flesh and blood, your  
flesh and blood ha's not offended the King, and so your  
flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those  
things you found about her (those secret things, all but  
what she ha's with her): This being done, let the Law goe  
whistle: I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, euery word, yea, and his  
Sonn's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man,  
neither to his Father, nor to me, to goe about to make me  
the Kings Brother in Law.

Clow. Indeed Brother in Law was the farthest off you  
could haue bene to him, and then your Blood had bene  
the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely (Puppies.)

Shep. Well: let vs to the King: there is that in this  
Farthell, will make him scratch his Beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this Complaint  
may be to the flight of my Master.

Clow. Pray heartily he be at Pallace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so some-  
times by chance: Let me pocket vp my Pedlers excre-  
ment. How now (Rustiques) whither are you bound?

Shep. To th' Pallace (and it like your Worship.)

Aut. Your Affaires there? what? with whom? the  
Condition of that Farthell? the place of your dwelling?  
your names? your ages? of what hauing? breeding, and  
any thing that is fitting to be knowne, discover?

Clow. We are but plaine fellowes, Sir.

Aut. A Lye; you are rough, and hayrie: Let me haue  
no lying; it becomes none but Trades-men, and they of-  
ten giue vs (Souldiers) the Lye, but wee pay them for it  
with stamped Coyne, not stabbing Steele, therefore they  
doe not giue vs the Lye.

Clow. Your Worship had li-

you had not taken your selfe w

Shep. Are you a Courtier,

Aut. Whether it like me, o

thou not the ayre of the Court

not my gate in it, the measure

thy Nose Court-Odour from

Bafenesse, Court-Contempt?

insinuate, at toaze from thee

fore no Courtier? I am Court

will eyther push-on, or pluck-

whereupon I command thee to

Shep. My Businesse, Sir, is t

Aut. What Advocate ha's

Shep. I know not (and't like

Clow. Advocate's the Court

you haue none.

Shep. None, Sir: I haue no

Aut. How blessed are we,

Yet Nature might haue made

Therefore I will not disdaine.

Clow. This cannot be but a

Shep. His Garments are ric

handiome.

Clow. He seemes to be the m

ricall: A great man, Ile warra

on's Teeth.

Aut. The Farthell there

Wherefore that Box?

Shep. Sir, there lyes such

Box, which none must know b

shall know within this houre,

of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost th

Shep. Why Sir?

Aut. The King is not at the

a new Ship, to purge Melanch

if thou bee't capable of thipg

the King is full of griefe.

Shep. So'tis said (Sir) ab

haue married a Shepheards D

Aut. If that Shepheard b

flies; the Curses he shall haue,

will breake the back of Man,

Clow. Thinke you so, Sir?

Aut. Not hee alone shall

heauie, and Vengeance bitter;

to him (though remou'd fiftie

the Hang-man: which, thoug

necessarie. An old Sheepe-w

der, to offer to haue his Daugh

say hee shall be ston'd: but t

(say I:) Draw our Throne int

are too few, the sharpest too e

Clow. Ha's the old-man ere

and't like you, Sir?

Aut. Hee ha's a Sonne: w

'noynted ouer with Honey, se

Nest, then stand till he be thre

then recouer'd againe with A

Infusion: then, raw as he is (an

stification proclaymes) shall he

(the Sunne looking with a J

where hee is to behold him, w

But what talke we of these T

series are to be smild at, their